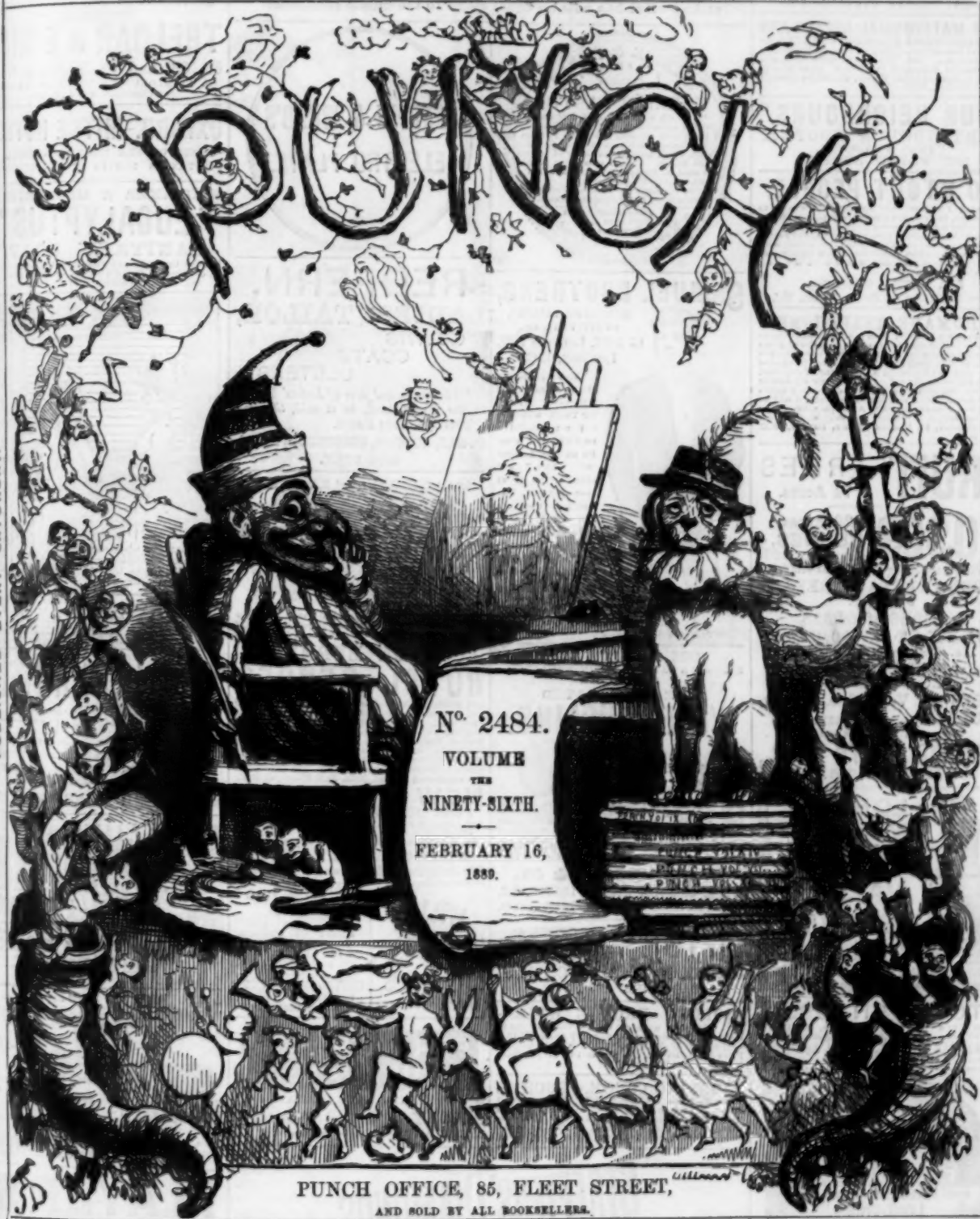


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A GLORIOUS SPIN AFTER A JULY RABBIT.

A Hunting Story, by the Author of "A Shoot with a Fox-hound," "A Real Good Snipe," "The Herne Bay Harriers," "A Knacker's Mount," &c., &c.

It would have been impossible to have picked out a more wretched day for the opening meet of the Season than was Tuesday, the first of July, 188—.

"You must not keep him waiting, Sir," said Captain DASHOVER's servant, as he helped his master on with a thick Ulster, which completely covered his red coat, his snowy breeches, his top-boots, and all the brave insignia of the chase.

"I hope he is not too fresh," muttered the Captain, stifling an oath. "As it is raining, don't you think Sammy had better return to his loose-box until it clears up?"

"Bless you, no, Sir—in this county they often hunt in the wet."

Thus reassured, the Captain approached his steed (who stood patiently while he successfully ascended the saddle, with the material assistance of the stirrup), and, seizing his umbrella, slowly sauntered away.

"A pretty pair!" exclaimed the Groom, critically watching the departing steed and his rider before returning to the dining-room to remove the remnants of his master's lunch—"a pretty pair!"

It was a bad day. A dense fog lay over all the land, enshrouding both hills and valleys, shops and public-houses, turnpike-gates and boot manufactories, in its weird and ghostly embrace. It rested like a soft grey counterpane upon the fields, toning down to a sombre tint the rich brown of the upheaved earth. As for the lamp-posts and the red signals from the chemists' windows, they were blurred, and seemed to be impregnated with moisture. Everything was dark, everything was dull, and the rain poured down in buckets-full.

After five minutes' careful riding (the meet was at some little

distance from the place of departure), the Captain joined the field, which had already assembled.

"Nuisance this rain," growled the Master, as soon as the Captain had reported himself. "On my word, I hardly know what to do. The hounds are sure to catch cold if I don't take 'em home. What do you say, DASHOVER?"

"Well," replied the Captain, pulling at his reins with both hands at once; "now that I have got my bit of blood out, I think we had better have a spin. Folks don't like to be disappointed on such occasions."

The Master, hearing this, gave orders for the day's proceedings to commence at once, and the hounds were trotted off at a brisk pace to draw a covert close by. But the rain and fog continued, and many of the field went home. Milestones looked dark and formidable, their dimensions increased instead of diminished by the imperfect light. The omnibus horses sniffed the damp air through their open nostrils, and discharged it with disgust. They looked round suspiciously at the grey and unrecognisable conveyances beside them, were nervous and timid, and distrusted the commonest object. A wheelbarrow (containing penny ices), a donkey, a sheep-dog, filled them with apprehension; and all this time, borne on the leaden-coloured atmosphere, rang out the eager, murderous notes of collies and poodles, celebrated for their slaying qualities. Suddenly there was a cry of "Gone forrard, aw-a-ay!" which proclaimed that Master Bunny had left the snug underwood of the covert. There was evidently a hot scent in the open, for the hounds dashed out after him close to his tail, and, taking a bullfinch, disappeared in the ditch beyond. They threw their tongues merrily, and added their boisterous, chirruping music to the accompaniment of a distant, but appreciative brass band, of sporting proclivities.

"Gone forrard aw-a-ay!" Indeed, "Aw-a-ay!" Off they went! Friendly gates could not be taken advantage of, so the field hurried along the high road as if they had to catch a train, which was seldom late! The pack had vanished from view, having stopped in the kitchen-garden attached to a country public-house, and the only way to get up to them was to negotiate every possible and impossible fence on foot. Providence must provide for the rest!

Crash, crash, went the timbers of a stiff double rail as a waggon of hay moved aside to let a hansom pass! Suddenly they heard a railway whistle, and the Master called off the hounds. He appealed to them by their names, and, obedient to his cry, they came whining towards him, and began fawning about his boots.

"Darn this rain!" he exclaimed, resentfully, as he distributed sugar amongst his canine favourites. "It ain't fit to hunt in."

This had been for a long time the opinion of Captain DASHOVER, who had turned back, and was on his way home. He was progressing slowly as, beneath him, was one of the most perfect and resolute walkers that ever looked through a bridle, when he saw Master Bunny seated in the very centre of the road, devouring a piece of cabbage. In a moment his horn was to his lips, and he blew a strange, weird note that he had never heard before—perchance he would never hear again! "Yoicks! Hi away! Hout and aboot, Mon! Hoick, my beauty! Hoick, hoick at him! Hi forrard, hi forrard tantivy!" and the Captain was fairly excited. Sammy, the horse, entered into the spirit of the thing, and took up the running at a gentle trot. Disturbed at his meal, the wily rabbit jumped away carrying his green-stuff with him. He ran on in this manner for some yards, and then stopped and began a fresh nibble, but was off again by the time the Captain had reached his new position. This was repeated over and over again. Captain DASHOVER leant forward in the saddle, and clasping his good horse's neck within his arms, spoke an encouraging word to him. Whatever the man's faults were, he was brave and knew no fear!

But Bunny was not to be caught. He leapt and leapt until he approached the sea! It was then the Captain stopped, for he liked not the look of the sands. He was on the eve of returning home when Sammy suddenly pulled up, pricked up his ears, and made a decided point at a bathing-machine. Alack, alack, for poor Bunny! After a desperate encounter, the Captain emerged from the submarine conveyance carrying with him the lifeless form of the quarry! He almost sighed as, in duty bound, he sounded his horn once more, and shouted out yet again, "Hi forrard! Hi forrard, tantivy!"

"Pleasant run, Sir?" asked the man, touching his hat as the Captain dismounted.

"Excellent," returned DASHOVER, paying the customary half-crown, and pointing to his watch to prove that he had not encroached upon the second hour at the lower rate of two shillings, he left the livery stables. Half an hour later he was hurriedly discussing a boiling cup of tea and a well-toasted muffin in his thrice-welcome snuggerly at home!



HERCULES FURENS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)



"Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with these hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 10.

THE shirt of Nessus! Teuton Hercules,
Art on thine Æta? Hot and ill at ease
At least thou seem'st. As when Alcides tore
Rooted Thessalian pines, and raised a roar

That sounded far o'er the Euboic wave; [rave.
So crossed or thwarted dost thou ramp and
And every luckless soul who dares to stand
Erect within the reach of thy strong hand,
Wouldst treat like Lichas, hurling him afar
To plunge, like Vulcan or a falling star,
Headlong through air to ocean.

So the gods
Set heroes' muscles with their wits at odds,
In the old Titan times. Achilles raged,
And Ajax, foiled by sage Ulysses, waged
A foolish war with flocks, making mad way

Amidst "the mingled multitude of prey
The herdsman's yet unparted care." So, too,
Alcides, whose god-given strength could hew
The hydra down, its poison felt at last;
And luckless Lichas from the hill-top cast,
Because a woman's jealousy had foiled
His eager passion and his purpose spoiled.
Thrice the great Hera-hated hero lost
His reason's balance, proud and passion-tost.
Is it that brawn and brain close-wedded work
Wild mischief; that the seeds of madness lurk

* SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.

In all heroic might? What leech shall cure
 "The man, frenzied with mad distemperature"
 Who, stirred to wrath, poor woolly sheep destroys,
 Or vents his spleen on women, doctors, boys?
 Strange proof of the sardonic whims of fate,
 Strange satire on humanity's estate,
 That demigods, souls of heroic mould,
 As brave as brawny, and as big as bold,
 Should, tantrum-smitten, fall upon the flocks,
 And midge-enraged retort by heaving rocks!

Hercules furens! It might make men smile
 Who can forget the cradle and the pile,
 The babe-choked serpents and the gods' applause,
 To see great souls so stirred by so slight cause.
 "Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?"
 Sings VIRGIL. See the angry hero strain
 To hurl the stripling heavenward, grip of steel
 Close-clenched upon the hapless youngster's heel!
 "Those hands that grasped the heaviest club"
 should seek

A worthier work than warring with the weak.
 Meanwhile, sage policy gives place to pride;
 The lion-slaying club is cast aside,
 And what replaces the old lion's hide?
 Not Austria's calf-skin surely? No, at least
 'Tis not the fell of the ignobler beast
 That hangs upon "those recreant limbs," stout still,
 But "recreant" to wisdom and calm will,
 Awhile, awhile! The Nessus-tunic clings,
 Its folds constrain, its subtle poison stings
 The hampered hero into fury wild;
 Only the highest strength is calm and mild.
 ANTONY raged, CÆSAR was coldly still,
 "The dull cold-blooded CÆSAR," whose calm will
 Not e'en the Nile Enchantress could subdue.
 The conscious ANTONY too sadly knew
 His soul's superior. After all, 'tis poor
 "Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
 The hornéd herd," although the voice that shouts
 Is of a Stentor Swordman, whom war's flouts
 Shook never. "Savage cause" to stir the brave
 To frenzy. What availed the thrice-whipped slave
 To mend MARK's fortune. ENOCHARDUS knew
 Cold CÆSAR had "subdued his judgment too."
 Lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon, indeed,
 It shall not make wroth-gendered plans succeed
 In Policy's despite. Resume the club,
 Teutonic Titan, ere on Æta's hub
 A Hercules Infuriate make sport
 For cynic babblers of the baser sort.
 Or ere wise watchers must admit it true
 That your own hands your worthiest self subdue.

• SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.

A HINT FROM CLOUDLAND.

SHIP AHoy! MESSMATE,

FOR, my dear boy, I can see you! Not every day, my hearty! because, when it is foggy, it is a long way from Trafalgar Square to 85, Fleet Street. But you should hear my voice, *Mr. Punch*, and, if you can't, why, my dear eyes! here is my letter. Not that I used to garnish my conversation with such old-fashioned nautical terms when I was in the flesh. I put them in here and there because I have been so long mast-headed (or, rather, pillar-headed) in Charing Cross, that you would not believe me a sea-dog—you land-lubber!—unless I gave you a taste of the briny. And now, *Mr. Punch*, as you are a sensible person, who knows a marling-spike from a fore-castle (please pronounce it "fokale") yarn, I will assume that you want to learn the reason of my addressing you. Yes, you are right, my son of Neptune!—I have got a grievance. Having a grievance, I write to you—I select you in preference to the Editor of the *Times*, as I fancy that excellent and erudite gentleman has just now other fish to fry in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts, and can't be bothered with the grumbings of a one-armed one-eyed old bronze statue stuck on a column, like Patience on a Monument! And that reminds me of what my grievance is. I am going to complain of a Monument, and ask you to get it removed. You hammered away at WELLINGTON until he was taken from Hyde Park Corner to Aldershot, and, if you get my monumental incubus carted off to Brighton,



FELINE AMENITIES.

"I WISH YOU HADN'T ASKED CAPTAIN WAREHAM, LIZZIE. HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM!"

"DEAR ME, CHARLOTTE—ISN'T THE WORLD BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU BOTH?"

"YES; BUT YOUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM ISN'T!"

or, better still, Jericho, you will deserve the thanks not only of the dead, but of the living.

You see, my heart of oak! up here I can catch what they are saying down below, and I can assure you it is not pleasant listening. CHARLES THE FIRST made an awful row when they put up "the other one," and HAVELOCK was equally indignant. When NAPIER came he used language that really was dreadful, and reminded me of the sort of things the troops used to utter when they were doing duty in Flanders. He has kept it up ever since, and I am ashamed that GORDON (who has just joined us) should have to hear it. The worst of it—shiver my timbers!—it is justifiable. I ask you how would you like to have a person dressed in classical costume, on a circus horse, set up close beside you? And he is a person who did a deal of harm when he had the opportunity, and brought the monarchy, of which we are all so justly proud, into disrepute. He is the odd, the very odd man out, as they can't find any one to balance him. But even had he been the best of men, his statue is so utterly ridiculous, that it is a disgrace to the neighbourhood. After all, Charing Cross is not the place for a circus, and the effigy is absolutely meaningless, unless appropriately supplemented with the presentment of GRIMALDI in the habit as he lived. So cart the circus-horse and its rider away, my good *Mr. Punch*, and earn the everlasting gratitude of

Sparrow's Nest, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

NELSON AND BRONTË.

P. S.—I see that some land-lubbers have been publishing my love-letters! It is fortunate for them that circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from getting at them! Wait until I secure a ladder, and then, bless their dear eyes! they shall see what a British Tar can do with his fist, in the cause of law, literary copyright, and Beauty!

Check to the King!

KING DEATH, grim rider on the wan white horse,
 Has found too long at Courts his freest course.
 Now common-sense his dread career would check,
 Who has so often "won by a bare neck."

THE BAKER'S MAN.—There can be no doubt that all the supporters of *le brave Général BOULANGER* will answer to the roll-call.

THE PICKWICK SYMPHONY.

By One who Ought to Know.

"THE play's the thing," as the member of the football club said when they broke both his legs, smashed half-a-dozen ribs, and jumped on his stummick. Densay it is, but it doesn't do for a man at my time o' life to be out late o' nights. But my son SAMMY—



A Dickens of a Cantata. The Sacred Lamp fitted with a new patent Pick-wick.

smart young fellow is SAMMY—"all-porter at the Ranunculus Club, said a *matinee* wouldn't hurt me. "Vot's that?" ses I. "Do you take it 'ot or cold?" "Vell," ses he, "it depends upon the weather and the ventilation. It's French for a play in the artemoon. I've got a day off o' Thursday, and I'll give you a snack in servants' all—and we'll go and see *Pickwick*." "None o' that, SAMMY," says I, pullin' him up short. "Never make game o' serious subjecks, as the man said when the barber larfed after cutting his nose off by mistake. If they're goin' to make fun o' the dear old Guv'nor, I'll let 'em see. Though I am seventy-four, I'm 'ale and 'arty, and can pop in my left pretty 'andy if they're up to any of their impudence." "Oh, you splendid old bouncer," says SAMMY, larfin fit to bust himself. "There's no impudence; it's a Dramatic Cantata." "Vot's that, SAMMY?" ses I; "if you don't condescend to talk English to your only father, I shall be sorry as ever I had you eddicated. All I can say is it don't sound proper; but if you'll pledge your word, SAMMY, as a 'all-porter and a gentleman, that my dear blessed old Guv'nor ain't held up to redicule, I'll go."

And lor' what a time we 'ad in the servants' all! A snack he called it. Why the swarry we had at Bath years ago was nothin' to it, and Mr. John Smaucker and Mr. Tuckle vere noveres along o' the affable young gents as sat down to dinner with us. They all 'ad heard o' me, and larfed and cracked their sides even when I talked about the weather and asked for the mustard; every one was so pleasant that I wanted to spend the artemoon there, with a glass o' hot brandy-and-water. But SAMMY cut me short when I was telling 'em all about the lark we 'ad at NUPKINS's, and said, quite undutiful-like, "Come along, my rosy old fernomenon, keep that till you publish your reminiscences," at which they all roared, till the Secketerry sent down his compliments and he vished to know if the kitchen-chimbley was a-fire. As it was, we were late at the Theatre—it was crammed full; but a friend o' SAMMY's, who had something to do with the Theatre—I think it was the Author—had kep' a private box for us; and there was pretty music going on, and a youth, not old enough to be trusted with a triangle, was conducting the band, and makin' beleeve to play all the music with a white stick as he flourished about. "Oo's that, SAMMY?" says I. "Solomon," says he. "Pell?" says I, larfin. "Shut up! you playful old porpoise," ses he. "That's the Composer." "Then vy don't he compose himself," ses I, "instead of"—"Ss-s-sh!" ses he, quite sharp and unfiial, and up goes the Curtain!

There was my old friend, Mrs. Bardell—but, there, if Mrs. Bardell had only been half as pretty as Miss LOTTIE VEWWE, there would have been no work for Dodson and Fogg, and I should have had none o' the Guv'nor's money, or should have run away with her that night I went up to pay the rent. If our Mrs. B. had only sung like that, it would ha' been a question who would ha' run off

with her fust—Me or the Guv'nor, or Winkle, or Snodgrass, or Tupman. Then Tommy Bardell comes in, and he and his mother sing together. Then the Baker comes upon the scene. I'd forgotten all about him; but now I remember the brazen-faced Lothair that I always used to see lurkin' about Goswell Street. I'm certain our Baker, though, couldn't sing half so well as Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON. I kept on noddin' my head to his delicious "Baker-roll," till SAMMY gave me a kick, and said, "Now, then, you mercurial old Mandarin, mind that old noddle o' yours don't roll into the stalls." But when at last I saw the dear old Guv'nor—bless his dear old gig-lamps and gaiters—come on to the stage, I shouted "Hooroar!" SAMMY said it was Mr. ARTHUR CECIL; but I turned and said, quite solemn-like, "SAMUEL, my son, I don't believe you." There he was, with his dear old bald head, his capacious waistcoat, his blue coat, and his kerseymere pantaloons. When he sang a song about me, "*The Happy Valet*," I nearly kicked the front of the box out, and shed tears behind the curtain. Then to see the dear old chap sit down to breakfast so nat'ral-like with a real relish. Always singin' he was, and uncommon well he sang too. Vy didn't he tip us a stave like that at Dingley Dell? And when he wasn't, Mrs. Bardell she came in and took it up, and gradually got canoodlin' around him—jest as our Mrs. Bardell tried to do. Then they sang a "sympathetic duet"—then came the "*Bardell Bolero*," which everyone cheered. Still she led the dear old man on—oh, how my poor old Dad would have liked to see the artfulness o' vidders held up to redicule in public,—and at last faints slick off in his arms, just like our Mrs. B. did. The Baker returns, Tommy comes in, Mr. Pickwick gets more and more perplexed, and the piece finishes just the minute before I was introduced to my dear old Master.

These players are bold enough—but they seem to know where to draw the line. They have had the temerity to impersonate Mrs. Bardell, Mr. Pickwick, and the Baker—but I don't think they are quite darin' enough to try to take off Sam Weller—that would be rather more than they could carry as the 'bus conductor said when they wanted to put twenty inside. "SAMMY," says I, when we were taking three dozen of oysters apiece before tea, "the author of your bein' is obliged to you for your treat. Your snack was excellent, your oysters are capital, and your *Pickwick* is first-rate. And there is no one in the world can be a better judge of *Pickwick*—*Pickwick* was the only man who was a hero to his wally—than his old servant and faithful friend, your aged, but still lively parient, SAM WELER."

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FIFTH EVENING.

"THE other afternoon," began the Moon, "I saw a dear old gentleman coming out of a toyshop, laden with parcels. The people in the shop looked after him as he stepped into his carriage, and supposed that he must have a number of nephews and nieces, whom he was evidently in the habit of spoiling. Now I knew that he had none but grown-up relations, and that he rather disliked children than otherwise, and so I followed him to where he lived, for I was really curious to find out what he would do with all the things he had bought. I looked through the windows of his room, and presently I saw him come in, and put all his parcels down, and carefully look the door, laughing to himself as he did so with a glee of which he seemed half ashamed. I was afraid he would draw the curtains, but he did not seem to mind whether I saw him or not, so long as nobody else did. First of all, he cleared the table, and then he undid the packages one by one, and set out the toys. There was a little railway train that went by clockwork on a circular railroad, and he fitted the lines together, with all the stations and tunnels, and wound up the engine, which ran, whirring and clattering, round and round. It was really a pretty sight. Then he brought out regiment after regiment of the most beautiful tin-soldiers, and set them up in order of battle, and fired peas at them out of a cannon, till he was tired of that; and next he unpacked a village, and after that a model fort, until I could almost have believed that the table was part of the real world. He was perfectly happy, playing with them, and there was nobody to send him to bed until he was quite ready to go. And I knew that this had been the dream of his life ever since he had left off being a boy, and had had to amuse himself with grown-up things, or to work, without leisure even for serious play. Now he was rich, and retired from business, and able to please himself, without caring for the opinion of the world, and this was what gave him most pleasure."



"I am not sure," added the Moon, "that I have not seen old gentlemen, with nothing to do, and plenty of money to spend, who amused themselves in ways which I thought far more foolish. For all that, I sometimes wish he would ask a child or two in, now and then, to play with him—but he never does."

ROBERT'S BOLD EXPERIMENT.

THE "appointed day" for our great experiment came off last Saturday,—allus a slack day for us Waiters,—and we held our preliminary meeting a day or two afore, to settle all about our safeguards afore running of our fearfol risk. We then decided to have jest one glass of sherry and bitters afore leaving home on the day of the dinner, to prepare our poor insides for their sewere trial, and a glass of sumthink hot, strong, and sweet, roddy for us wen we got home. So on Saturday, as I have said, we boldly assembled, at 5 o'clock sharp, to meet our fate like men.



There was suddenly a werry unushal look of dogged resoluashun, not to say depresshun, upon the countinghouses of all nine on us, when we entered the ouse of ospitalerty seleckted by our kind Ost, who received us with as much geneality, and ewen warmth, as if he had bin the Prime

Warden of sum Prime Livvery Company, and had taken his preliminary glass of Sherry, &c., as we had. But in coarse he hadn't.

The fust thing as struck us rayther forcibly was, that he was not drest quite in the hi dress as his name woud have led us to xpect, as of course we was, and allus are, but we arterwards learnt as he was from the naybouring kingdom of Whales, which of coarse xplained it.

We began with clear Turtel Soup, as promised, and suddenly neether BRING nor RYMER could have beaten it. The one glass of Maryskeno to be drunk with it was sumthink quite difrent to what we had xpected, but it wasn't at all bad, and Brown ewen took a second without flinching. But wen we cum to taste the 1874 wine-tage of the Black Current Wine, with the biled Sammon, we fust looked at our Ost, and then at one another, and then we all put it quietly down, and took quite a long pull at sum Olimpia Water, a bottle full of which was most thortfully put before each on us.

With the ontrays we was handed some reel Orange Champagne, which, if not quite like sweet Click Oh, was suddenly quite as good as sum of the new brands as has been interdooced lately, which praps aint saying much. With the remarkabel fine Saddle of Mutton that followd, we had sum Ginger Hale, which was not at all bad, and nicely warmed our somewhat astonished insides, which was becoming jest a leetle chilled at the large supply of cold water.

With the Game we had sum Punch, quite difrent from any we had ewer tasted afore, and called Winter Punch from its preshus coldness, I spose.

The Orange Bitters with the Stilton was much admired, and was unanimously repeated, as it quite warmed us up after the Punch.

The Dessert a good deal pazzeld us, as there was such a wariety of drinks to choose from. We began with the fine old Strawberry Syrup of the sillybrated 1880 growth, and then tried the Mureller Cherry, and could distinctly tell the difference! But the favorite was suddenly the Old Gingerett, which was reelly quite warming and emfourtoring.

Weather we shoed have werry strongly objectked to a glass or 2 of fine old Sherry, as a last final settler, I declines to say; but Brown, in proposing the heilh of our nobel Chairman in a bumper of Pine Apple Cider, declared that not only was we much obliged to him for his ospitalerty, but that we had all thorowly enjoyed our rayther novel experiment, and shoed not at all mind trying it again in the Summer, and we all shouted out, Here! Here!

I hardly expees to be beleeveld when I says that a reel Copperashun Deputy, tho' a werry yung un, came in and jined us at Dessert, and drank away at most of the lot as if he reelly preferred them to old Port and Claret, which of course he may have done, and achally said as we shoed all do the same if we woud but persewere!

And now as to the final werdick.

In the fust place, we spent a nice cheerful evening, thanks to our Ost and his frend the Deputy. In the second plaice, we didn't have nothink to pay. In the third plaice, we didn't none of us drink the glass of sumthink nice, as we had intended for to do when we got home. I, for one, didn't want it, and, besides, Honner seemed to forbid it, and there's Honner among Waiters as there is among—well, say other peepel. In the fourth plaice, we all seem to have slept the sleep of the temprate Waiter, and we hadn't not no hed-ashes on the follering morning!

And I werryly beleives that, if they cood jest manidge to hintro-duce a leetle more ginger into the wariuous likwids, and not hand round Black Current Wine with the biled Sammon, and, as I was told as the dinner didn't cost more than harf the ushal price, that a good many peepel as hasn't got quite so much money to spend as

other peepel, might be injuiced to try the new sistem, at any rate ocaashunally, and most speeshally in warm weather.

There's jest one other important matter, as will keep on a pegging away at me, and it's jest this—I allus finds as them as is most libberal with their wine, is allus the most libberal with their money to us pore ardworking Waiters; but the nateral hinferece as surgests itself is such a paltry and shabby one, that I bannishes it away with all the contempt as it deserves.

ROBERT.

NOT QUITE WRITE.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the Newspapers. To him enter a couple of Church Dignitaries.

First Church Dignitary. We trust we do not intrude, Mr. Punch? Mr. Punch (looking up). You, Archbishop! Always pleased to see you.

Second Church Dignitary. And having a great deal of leisure, Sir, I thought I would accompanny his Grace.

Mr. P. Delighted to see you both. Well, what is it?

First C. D. (breathlessly). Have you seen the letter that appeared in the Times on the 6th of February—

Second D. (interrupting). About Journalism, and Sunday Observance?

Mr. P. Yes—I fancy I saw the heading—an excellent object.

Both C. D.'s (together). I wrote it—

Mr. P. I saw, now I remember, both your signatures. Well, your Grace and my Lord, what do you want?

First C. D. We objected to the appearance of a paper on Sunday—an entirely new departure.

Second C. D. Started by the London edition of the New York Herald.

Mr. P. Come, you are out there—how about the Observer and the Sunday Times, to say nothing of a number of London weekly papers with special Sunday morning editions?

Both C. D.'s. We never read them, because they appear on Sunday.

Mr. P. Indeed! Well, of course, you are quite right to act up to your principles. And as, no doubt, you are consistent, I suppose you never see any morning paper on a Monday?

First C. D. What nonsense! Of course we do. How should we get on without the latest intelligence from abroad, and the latest comments thereon?

Mr. P. All of which are most probably written and set in type for you on the Sunday for the following Monday.

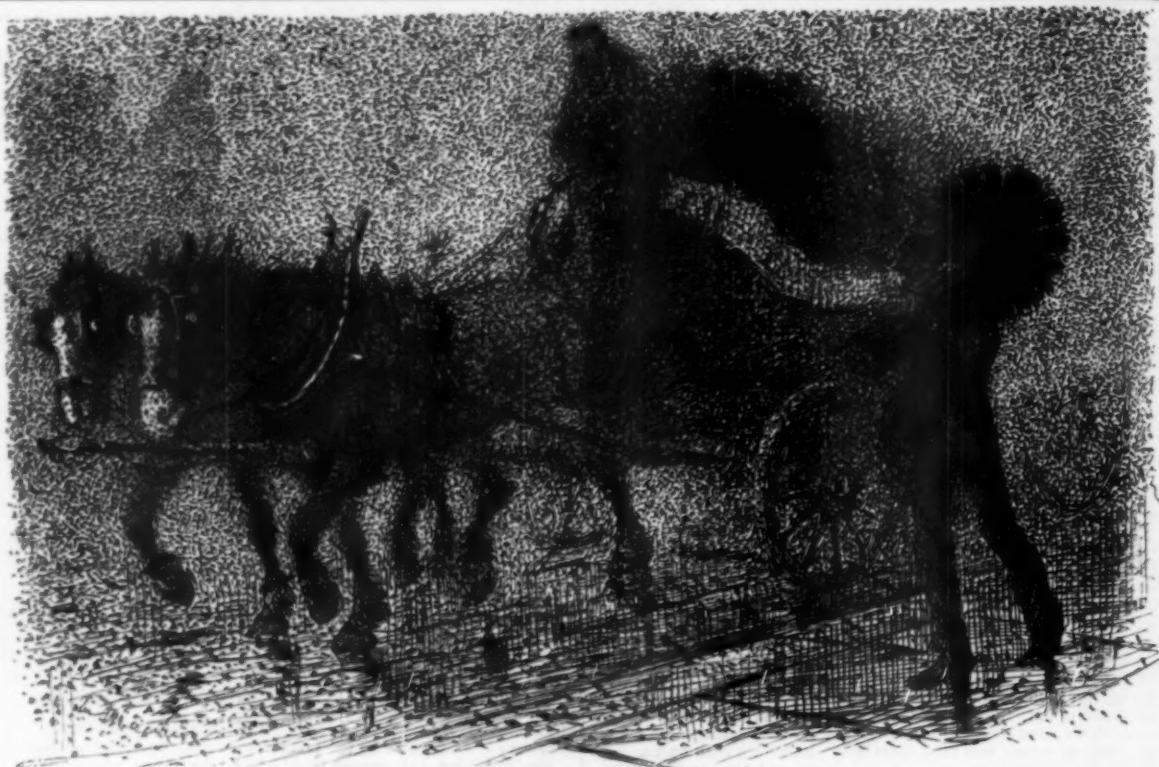
First C. D. (astonished). Dear me!

Second C. D. (astounded). You don't say so!

Mr. P. Yes, I do. And, pardon me, you really know very little about the matter. You see, the movements of the world cannot be ignored for two days out of the seven; and consequently there must be a paper published on a Monday. Of course there should be as little Sunday labour as possible, and I feel sure that in every newspaper office in the kingdom this rule is observed. The great point is, that there should be one day of rest in the week, and this point our trans-Atlantic contemporary seems to have overlooked. I do not think its omission will be to its ultimate advantage. As for the Observer and the Sunday Times (both of them very old established papers), they have supplied the want of a comparatively small public for many years. I have no doubt you would find that in their cases no more work is done in their offices on a Sunday morning than in many a Fleet Street composing-room on a Sunday night. As to their distribution on the first day of the week—does it entail in their cases much more than getting a few tobaccoists, who would be open on a Sunday to sell cigars, to vend journals as well? Railways and cabs and omnibuses are necessary evils that we are forced to tolerate every day of the week, month, and year, and a news-cart or two on a Sunday morning are not so very alarming after all, especially if they carry to the home a paper that may outrival the attractions of the publichouse. You mean well, Your Grace, and My Lord, but a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. By all means secure one day of rest in the seven for everyone, but do not run a tilt against necessary labour, which, in the case of the London papers to which I have referred, is practically work very late on Saturday night or very early on Monday morning.

[Scene closes in as the Archbishop sedately makes his way to the office to subscribe to the "Observer," and the Bishop carefully produces the requisite funds for one year's order of the "Sunday Times."]





WINDOW STUDIES.

A HARMONY IN LONDON SMUT.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS!

OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

Bumble loquiter:—

Now wot did I tell yer? Oh, yus, they was orfully down upon *Aus*,
Mister *Jobber*, yet werry fust orf they're as bad. Ah! a 'undered
times was,

If you arak *me*, my dear M. B. W. Oh! it's no end of a lark,
And *their* little game, dontoher see, can't be played up, like ours, in
the dark.

Publicity, Sir, is *their* motter, no aly 'ole-and-corner for them;
Which I 'opes as they likes the result. They was too jolly quick to
condemn

Dear Lord *Maggerymorn* and his lot, which a nicer more kind lot of
More liberal-like as to perks, or more easy at handy per-cents,
I never have known, nor don't want to. Reform? It's the greatest
of rot,

Mere Radical clap-trap, the patter of parties as don't know wot's wot.
I always did say it was noisy as any big drum, and as 'oller,
And look at this ere County Council, afore it's got fair into collar!

So wise and so 'virtuous, ah! and so calm it was going to be,
No rows and no robbery *here*; and behold it's all fiddle-de-dee!

Pooty nice state o' things, Sir, now ain't it? No politicks! that was
the word.

And they fought it all round just like cats, and them Rads, they
'ops in like a bird, [luck.

All along of *Aus* being caught napping, hus Tories I mean, Sir, wus
No politicks? Wot I maintains is as that is the merest of muck.
Your Englishman can't chip his hogg, as Lord *Rosebery* said, with-
out *them*—

(Which *he* ain't not arf a bad sort; for a Radical Peer he's a gem)—
It was Party all over the place, 'cept a bit in the City, you know,
When *Lubbock* and *Rosebery* romped in, being kindly allowed to
do so.

But elsewheres it was fair pot and kettle, or hammer and tongs, wich
you please,
And we *must* 'ave been napping, I say, or we ought to have licked
'em with ease,

Those blessed Progressists. New name, but it means the old thing,
and that's bad;

A Progressist's a Socialist sometimes, and always a rampaging Rad.
'Owsomever the P.'s got the pull, and oh! where's yer "No Politicks"
now?

Wy, their wery fust meeting was shindy, their second began in a row,
And wound up in a ramp; a fair swindle, a regular do. That there
FIRTH

Was always a bugbear o' mine, which no doubt he's his heye on a
Like the rest on us. Bumbles, or Bigwigs, or *BOTTOMLEY FIRTH*,
it's all one, [be mighty prime fun

And Principles when they're spelt proper means Perks. 'Twould
If they hadn't three years to run loose in. These Aldermen ought
to ha' bin, [a sin,

Hevery one on 'em, titled and Tory, to keep the thing straight. It's
And a shame, and a scandal, I say. Never mind, they must 'ave the
fust go; [tables? Oh, no!

But when the three years have expired, won't we just turn the
Gerrymandering, Sir, is a game two can play at. We won't raise
much bobbery [jobbery

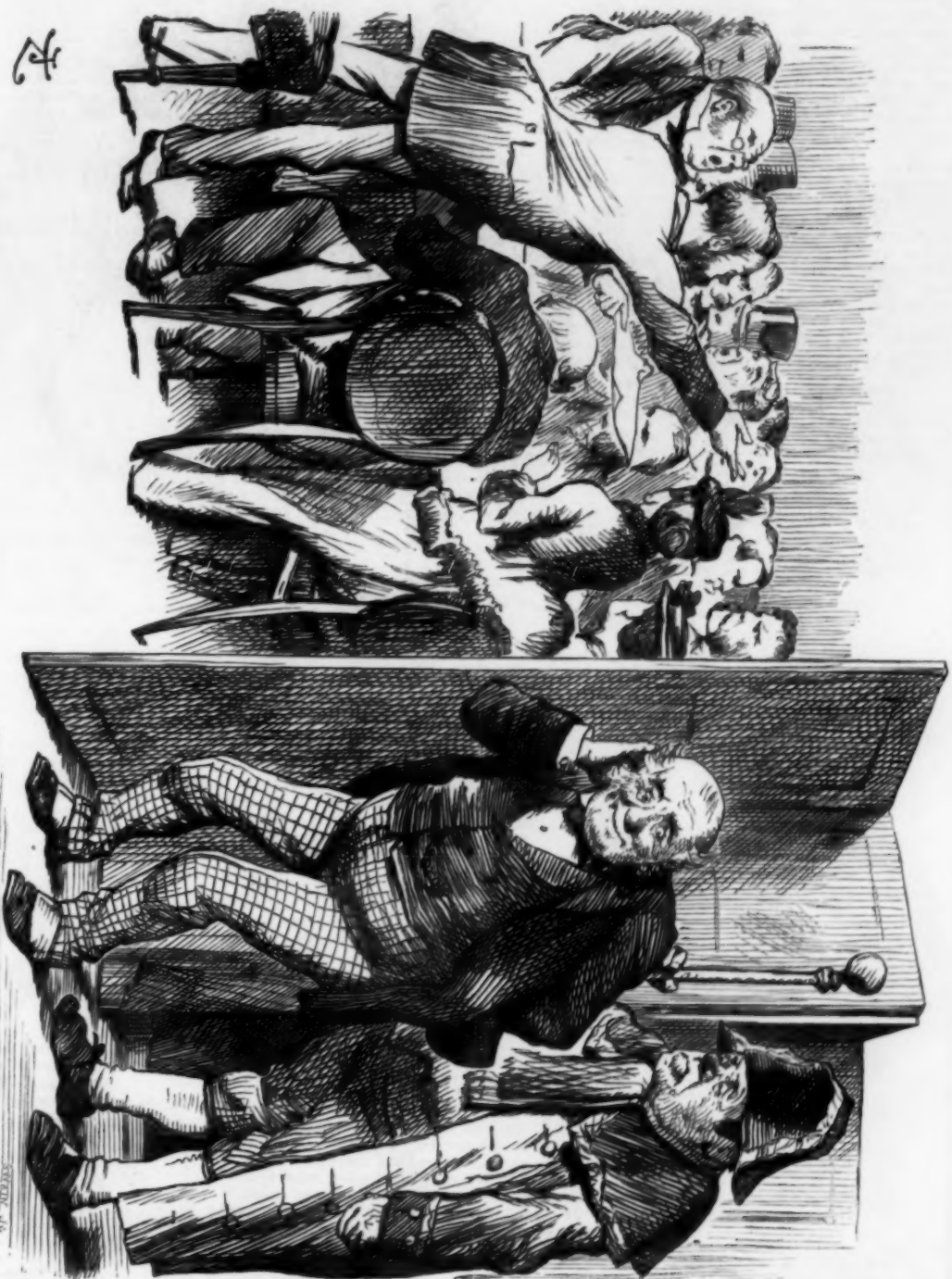
Now, but I'm sure as three years of their dashed Rad jobation and
Will jolly well sicken the woters, hus Tories will then 'ave our turns,
And then won't it be Bon's a dying with *BOTTOMLEY FIRTH* and that
BURNS?

They can't pull Law and Property down with a run, not in three
Their Perlice game and Ground-renting rubbidge will turn out a
proper old plant.

Or else I will eat my cooked 'at, Sir; I've 'eard all their kibosh afore;
The Purity-monger may spout, but its 'Cuteness and Cash as will score.
Think Monopoly's game is all up? Think the Maases will 'ave their
own way?

Yah! It's all very well for palaver, but, put to the test, it won't pay:
And things as don't pay never prospers, Sir, that is a moral, you bet.
They are up in the sterrups jest now, Sir, but we'll be upsides with
'em yet. [Big Job?

Won't they get in a precious fine 'ole when they tackle their blooming
Next election it won't be "No Politicks!" neither, that I'll bet a bob.
Well no, Sir, I mayn't be no prophet, I'm old and my office is 'umble,
But if this don't end in a fraud and a fizzle my name isn't *BUMBLE*!



LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS! OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

EX-MEMBER OF METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS, "WHY, THIS IS WORSE THAN IT WAS IN OUR TIME,—LADIES PRESENT TOO!"
EX-BURGLAR, "AH, SURE! AND THEY'RE ONLY JUST A BEGINNING!!!"

SIDNEY J. G.



"Now, if I jump it, I shall certainly fall off; and if I dismount to open it, I shall never get on again."

A VALENTINE.

TO AN ADVANCED WOMAN.

LADY, in the ancient times,
I had sung to you of love,
Mingling freely in my rhymes
Soft allusions to the dove.



Now you'd scorn
me if I wrote
What the old-
world poets
taught;
For, as your slang
goes, your
"note"
Is all philosophic
thought.

You are equal now
with man,
Rather better, as
it seems;
With amazement
do we scan
All your high am-
bitious dreams.

You would vote, and then hold sway
In St. Stephens, and methinks
Man must by the cradle stay,
While the child has forty winks.

Once we numbered 'mid your charms,
Soft low voice and tender eye;
Now you wave a Menad's arms,
On the platform shrieking high.
Where is all the gentle grace,
Where the soft seductive glance,
In the bold virago face,
Like a "Pétroleuse" of France?

You go in for every "fad,"
Fancies that fanatics please;
Vaccination's counted bad,
Thus you help a dire disease.
Little children, though they learn
Ample lessons all the time,
Their poor pittance must not earn,
Since it is in Pantomime.

Lady, though you're now enroll'd
On committees, talking loud,
Trust me, in the days of old
You'd more reason to be proud.
Then no mannish maids we knew,
Man for woman's love would pine;
Can a cross between the two
Win me for a Valentine?

AN ALDERMANIC DIARY.

FIND that I've been made a "County Alderman" for London! Very gratifying, but haven't the ghost of a notion what I'm expected to do. It seems I've been "co-opted," which sounds like the Stores. Friend drops in, and tells me I'm elected "on the Progressive ticket," and that it's "a glorious triumph." Ask him, diffidently, whether as an Alderman I shan't have to eat a lot of dinners. Friend surprised; says that all that sort of thing is done away with; dining not a bit Progressive, it seems, and "we must leave luxurious banquets and wine-bibbing to effete old Corporation." Question still remains, What are my duties as Alderman?

Meet brother Aldermen at my first County Council. Find they are just as much at sea as I am about their future functions. A spirited debate going on about "Barking Outfall." Some Councillors want to abolish it and take London sewage down to East Coast. Vote for the Outfall, to save expense to rate-payers. Surprised afterwards to hear that "Progressive policy is dead against Barking." Warned by chief Wire-puller of Progressive Party that I'd "better be careful" how I vote. "Having been elected by reformers, I am expected to vote as a reformer," and more to the same effect. Annoying.

Invited to grand City banquet. Never been to one before. Go, and have a delightful time of it. Never realised what good fellows these City magnates are—almost as good as the wine they generously provide for their guests. Much gratified, too, to see what a lot they seem to think of me. Query—is the Corporation, after all, as effete as some people say?

Next Day.—Progressive Wire-puller calls. "Regrets to hear I was seen at a City banquet last night." I can't deny it. "Then all he can say is, that he hopes it won't occur again." I tell him that I hope it will occur frequently. He makes a slighting allusion to flesh-pots, and ends by saying that "there will be a proposal, from the reactionary Councillors, that Aldermen shall be invested with robes and a chain, and I shall be expected to vote against it." It seems that a robe and chain are considered the reverse of Progressive. Why?

Have voted—for the trappings! Regret to say, proposal lost, as most of Aldermen going in constant fear of the energetic Wire-puller, who organises the Party, and appears to disorganise most of its members. Go to another Civic spread, and get a City official—on my promising never to vote against the interests of the old Corporation—to lend me his robes and gewgaws, including massive gold chain. Now feel something like an Alderman.

Query.—Am I becoming a Retrogressor? Anyhow, can't be pushed out of my position for three years; so don't much care what the Progressive Wire-puller thinks of me.

Later.—Attend a still more sumptuous entertainment, this time given by a City Company. Fine institutions, old City Companies—not Progressive, perhaps, but hang progression! Go to bed in my robes and chain.

A PERSONAL ANSWER.

(By a Prejudiced Party.)

WHY should not Ladies smoke
The fragrant cigarette?
Ah! surely that is asked in joke,
My sweet-lipped pet!
I know the practice grows,
Like others that are baneful;
But see a "weed" beneath your nose?
The thought's too painful!



Personal? Why, of course!
Yet 'tis "most relative."
Answer of more conclusive force
How could I give?

Let females coarse and plain,
With lips none care to kiss,
Puff what is womanhood's worst bane,
Though manhood's bliss.

But you, with birdlike lips,
And breath like briars in June?
No! Take my earnestest of tips—
'Tis not in tune.

Take no foul cigarette
Beneath that dainty nose.
Heavens! Who would fuming Tophet set
Too near the Rose?

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Direct Taxation.



FIGURATIVE.

Head Waiter (the Old Gent had wished for a stronger Cheese). "HI! JAMES—LET LOOSE THE GORGONZOLA!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ECONOMICAL ENTERTAINING.—Your determination to show your friends how to lessen the expense of social intercourse, and to exemplify your idea by giving a cheap entertainment yourself, is certainly spirited, but we think on the whole we would advise you not to mention your project, as you propose, on the cards of invitation. Your idea of decorating your rooms with a dozen penny coloured lamps is tasty, and ought to afford some pleasure and surprise to the two hundred and fifty guests you talk of inviting. Sixteen shillings is not a large sum to spend on the supper, but as you say you are determined not to exceed this, perhaps your plan of laying it out on tinned oysters would be the most effective. They should be carefully re-served up on shells got from some adjacent dust-heap, and then, if their flavour be well smothered with Chili vinegar and Cayenne pepper, it is just possible that, coupled with the fact that there is nothing else to eat, they will pass muster, and even in some instances, be swallowed hurriedly with relish. We think your receipt for champagne-cup a little risky, one bottle of Jobson & Co.'s "Dry Creaming" (1889) being hardly enough to mix with the six gallons of water, as you suggest. Perhaps a bottle of cheap potato spirit, if added to the beverage, would help to give it character and a little more of the "go" usually associated with this fashionable drink. Your method of supplying the necessary music, by getting a mechanical street-piano into your hall, and giving the man nimpence to play it the whole evening at the bottom of the stairs, is in every way excellent. By all means secure the services of the drunken linkman you mention. Such an official is invaluable in assisting at the departure of your guests, and would, with his familiar sallies, lend a fitting *éclat* to the conclusion of the whole entertainment.

DEALING WITH A MUTINY ON BOARD A PLEASURE YACHT.—Your having started with your friend the Duke and a distinguished company for a cruise down the Channel, with a crew consisting of a crossing-sweeper, two Lascars, three "unemployed" riverside loafers, and an ex-pirate, under the command of a dismissed Boulogne steamboat-steward, who assured you he would be "quite sober as soon as he came on board," was hardly a proceeding that promised a very successful issue to your voyage, and we are not surprised to hear that at the close of the second day, when you had got out of the Thames, and beyond the immediate hail of every passing ship, you found yourself suddenly face to face with open mutiny. It must, as you describe, have been very annoying to you and your guests, just when you were preparing to sit down to a comfortable little seven o'clock

dinner, to have had your cabin invaded by the whole crew, hopelessly drunk, demanding a year's wages in advance, the key of the spirit cupboard, a free passage to America, and threatening to scuttle the yacht forthwith, if these outrageous terms were not instantly complied with. Your clearing out the intruders with a mop seems to have been a very happy inspiration. Of course, the correct thing would have been to have put the ringleaders in irons, but as you say you had no irons on board, this was obviously impossible. Your subsequently sending the Duke "for'ard" in his shippers to read the Riot Act to them, while you watched him from the skylight with a loaded revolver, may be regarded in a certain sense as a substitute for this, and we think—though it led to nothing more serious than his Grace being obliged to retire under a shower of stout-bottles—was certainly a little risky. However, "All's well that ends well," and it was undeniably fortunate your chancing on that tug that eventually towed you into Margate. As you evidently made no terms with the Captain, you had better pay the £754 14s. 6d. he demands for his assistance, and not dispute it in the County Court. It is a pity that, on arriving, you quite forgot to hand your mutinous crew over to the local police, and that they all of them in consequence escaped.

AN AWKWARD BEQUEST.—We can quite understand your feeling puzzled to know how to turn the hundred and fifty Bathing-Machines, of which you have lately come into possession under your Great Uncle's will, to any profitable account, but feel convinced that, if you only give free rein to a little invention and enterprise, that you will speedily solve the difficulty. Your idea of starting a Farthing Omnibus Company has no doubt something in it; but why not purchase a hundred and fifty coal-barges, clap a bathing-machine on to each, and supply the public with a cheap and serviceable home-boat? If you could do this, and manage to get them all down at Henley by the next regatta, we feel quite confident that you might do an enormous business, and make quite a little fortune. Anyhow, if worst comes to worst, you can, of course, as you suggest, get rid of them in half dozens through the columns of the *Bazaar* in exchange for piano-organs, bicycles, Japanese fans, guinea-pigs, concertinas, cranberry jam, rare postage stamps, and other attractive and useful articles, for, as you very sensibly point out, a bathing-machine is always a useful thing in itself, and sure to be in much request amongst English middle-class families, especially those located in inland county towns and suburban districts, where you might anticipate some difficulty in running across one at a moment's notice. Still, we think it is a pity that the Executors had them sent away from the sea-side, and delivered to you at your place at Wimbledon, without giving you any notice of their proceedings. It would have been, we think, better, had they first consulted you on the subject. However, no doubt you will get rid of them in time. We shall, of course, be glad to hear from you how you get on with their disposal.

PIGEONS AND CROWS.—The *Post* reports experience of "heavenly weather" at Monte Carlo—the shining hour improved by nobility and gentry, British and foreign, with the manly sport of pigeon-shooting. It needs not be said that pigeons are plentiful at the great Continental resort of gamblers and gunners. Besides the birds turned out of the trap, other pigeons are let into it, to be plucked only, none shot, except those who now and then shoot themselves, for example.



A COMPROMISE FOR THE CELT.—An evening Contemporary takes occasion to remark, that "The idealism of the Irish Celt was in the direction of taking other people's spices without payment." Not exactly so. Instead of that, he would much prefer to give his Landlord spice, and pay a peppercorn rent.

GOOSE SAUCE—PREPARED IN JAPAN.—It has been announced, with a flourish of paper trumpets, that certain enthusiastic Japanese propose to send Buddhist Missionaries to Europe and America. The originator of this project may be considered a proper gander in himself.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

FURNIVAL'S INN.

(By Houquet Walkère.)

In your still garden, when the bells are chiming,
When the rooks clamour, and the crocus blows,
And house-boat snails the border-bricks are sliming,
And light and shadow line the lawn in rows,



Think how, amid the roar of City traffic,
I make heart's music to the jarring din,
And spin *Alcaic*, *Elegiac*, *Supplic*,
Taking mine ease in *Furnival's Old Inn*.

"*Furnival's Inn*, and *Furnival's out*,
Furnival's grown a gadabout;
Furnival's here, and *Furnival's* there,
Thorough the crescent, athwart the square;
Furnival's off, and *Furnival's* on,
Whither, ye *Shepherds*, has *Furnival* gone?"

Rolls there a 'bus by, or careers a hansom,
Rattles the peaceful *PICKFORD's* chariot-van,
Love still, with smiling eyes, will pay the ransom,
Still chant serene what man hath made of man.
Though on their prancing destriers the Templars
Stay not the traffic now in *Fetter Lane*,
The Mail-cart Knight reveres his great exemplars,
And drives his palfrey half as fast again.

Still, through a conflagrant spilt of splendour,
Vanquishing Venice and the lim lagoon,
The heart will yearn for England's April tender,
Singing, Go, rill, along with sober boon.
And, like some great Express to Bath or Grantham,
Gleams of your voice that day you came to tea
Mingle for ever with the old-world anthem,
Sung on May morns to Tudor minstrelsie,

"*Furnival's Inn*, and *Furnival's out*,
Furnival's grown a gadabout;
Furnival's here, and *Furnival's* there,
Over the crescent, and through the square;
Furnival's off, and *Furnival's* on,
Whither, ye *Nymphs*, has the malapert gone?"

YACHTING FOR THE PROSTRATE.—Rare and cheery opportunity. A confirmed Naval Valetudinarian, who has recently purchased a Penny River Steamer in an averagely good condition, is desirous of meeting with one or two cheerful but hopeless invalids, who, struggling for existence, think that they might possibly derive some benefit from the novelty and excitement consequent on joining him in a projected cruise down the Channel. The idea of the Advertiser, if the vessel prove seaworthy, would be to put in at all the recognised Hospitals along the Coast, and endeavour to obtain advice gratis from the Authorities. Applicants could come in their own Bath Chairs, which they could occupy during the whole of the voyage, being securely strapped to the bulwarks in rough and boisterous weather. For full particulars and terms apply to "Commodore," 5, Churchyard Place, Gravesend.—[ADVT.].

NECK OR NOTHING.

HER MAJESTY, having expressed her willingness to dispense with the daylight display of shoulders at her Drawing Rooms, in the case of applicants who can satisfy the LORD CHAMBERLAIN that on account either of "illness or infirmity or advancing years," they are entitled to a dispensation, it is probable that that functionary will find himself in some difficulty when called upon to discharge the rather delicate duty entrusted to him. However, let him take heart. He has merely to prepare the following brief paper of questions, and request every fair applicant to fill up as much of it as she will or can—and the thing is done:—

1. What illness have you had? State whether it was nettlerash, measles, one of the five fevers, or any other contagious or infectious disease that would necessitate your being wrapped up in its convalescent stage in an East wind?

2. Are you infirm? If so, state the nature of your "infirmity." Are you deaf, lame, or blind? Do you wear a wig, false teeth, or a glass eye, or are you able to mention any other artificiality about you that may warrant you in claiming the exemption on the plea of your being considered "infirm"?

3. If you put forward the excuse of "advancing years," give your age on your last birthday, and state, if you can, how your "advancing years" tell on you? Do you totter and stagger as you walk, and are you helped up the steps by the footman? Are you hopelessly imbecile? Is your memory either going or gone? or are you merely a middle-aged frisky matron, who tries to out out her own daughters, who say of her, behind her back, "Oh! Mamma's too dreadful!" If not this, mention one or two signs, such as a paralytic stroke or two, indicative of the fact that you are generally breaking up, and should therefore enjoy the privilege of attending the QUEEN'S Drawing Room in a dress that will not accelerate the process by leaps and bounds.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My faithful "Co." has it all to himself this week. He apparently has had a good time of it.

If Mr. FREDERICK G. KITTON's first Number of *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil* is a good sample of what the whole work will be like—and there is no reason to suppose it is not—it is likely to be a valuable addition to the Biography of the Author of *Pickwick*. In the present Number there is a portrait of DICKENS in 1835, there is the portrait by MACLISE in '39. There are many additional illustrations of great interest, and in the letter-press there is not a little that will be new to the countless admirers of our great Novelist. The whole work seems to be carried out with an exactness, and the most careful attention to minute detail, that renders it especially valuable.

Old Chelsea, by Dr. MARTIN. "All my eye and BETTY—" No! Beg pardon. "All the eyes of Dr. MARTIN"—seems to have been used to the best advantage in his "summer-day's stroll." If anything escaped him, he fortunately had Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL—he ought to be called Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL—with him, who has given countless graphic representations of "all that is good in Chelsea." A genial gossiping book. *Chelsea* is here pleasantly penetrated by pencil and by pen, and no one will be anxious to become a Chelsea pen-shunner.

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VERY bad for sport of all kinds nowadays. If you want to shoot, it rains furiously; if you wish to hunt, it freezes vindictively. It is poor sport, after all, to stop at home. Much better to go to the Grainery at St. George's Hall, and hear a certain versatile entertainer give a solo on the CORNEY! (Ha! ha!) He will tell you all about it, with wondrous *bonhomie* and spontaneity; with an utter absence of the dismal horse-collaric merriment of the "funny man," and with sparkling snatches of song and music. Go and hear him sing, "I won't go out Shooting any more!" "Something to Kill," the pathetic "Squire's Song," and "The Old Banjo." In a comfortable, well-warmed room, you will be quite independent of our detestable climate, and in *A Day's Sport* you will find an evening's amusement.

EPITAPH FOR THE GREAT TOWER OF PARIS (if it topples over)—
"I fell!"

A PARADOX.—BOULANGER representing the Seine!

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